For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'ſt, my feare is ſo,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,
Where little fears grow great, great loue grows there.
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee loue, and ſhortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to doe,
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt.
Such loue muſt needs be treaſon in my breſt,
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kild the firſt. *Ham.* That's wormwood.
The inſtances that ſecond marriage moue
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of loue,
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.
King. I do beleeue you think what now you ſpeak,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruit vnripe ſticks on the tree,
But fall vnſhaken when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary tis that we forget
To pay our ſelues what to our ſelues is debt,
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,
The violence of either griefe or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themſelues deſtroy,
Where ioy moſt reuels, griefe doth moſt lament,
Griefe ioy, ioy griefes, on ſlender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,
That euen our loues ſhould with our fortuns change,
For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or elſe fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

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The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hether doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall neuer lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our deuices ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond husband wed,
But dy thy thoughts when thy firſt Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor earth to me giue food, nor heauen light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me day and night,
To deſperation turne my truſt and hope,
And Anchors cheere in priſon be my ſcope,
Each oppoſite that blanks the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deſtroy,
Both here and hence purſue me laſting ſtrife, *Ham.* If ſhe ſh
If once I be a widdow, euer I be wife. break it
King. Tis deeply ſworne, ſweet leaue me heare a while,
My ſpirits grow dull and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep,
Quee. Sleep rock thy brain,
And neuer come miſchance betwixt vs twain *Ex*
Ham. Maddam, how like you this Play?
Quee. The Lady doth proteſt too much me thinks.
Ham. O but ſhee'le keep her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence
Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poiſon in ieſt, no offenc
King. What do you call the Play? (w
Ham. The Mouſetrap, mary how tropically, this Play i
Image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes n
his wife *Baptiſta*, you ſhall ſee anon, tis a knauiſh piece of w
but what of that? your Maieſty and we ſhall haue free ſoul
touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are
wrung. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

11 die 19 be a wife 24 between
32 doone 34 we that have 35 wron